

A SATYR UPON HIMSELF - DE FOE - 1703.



More REFORMATION.

A
SATYR
UPON
HIMSELF.

By the AUTHOR
OF
The True Born English-MAN.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, 1703.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas there is a *Spurious Collection* of the Writings of Mr. *De Foe*, Author of *The True Born English-Man*, which contains several things not writ by the said Author, and those that were, are full of Errors, Mistakes and Omissions, which inverts the Sense and Design of the Author. This is to give Notice, That the *True Collection*, Corrected by himself, with Additions never before Printed, hath the Author's Picture before it, curiously Engrav'd on Copper by M. *Vandergucht*; and contains more than double the Number of Tracts incerted in the said *Spurious Collection*, Price 6s.

THE PREFACE.

THE World has been pleas'd to Mannage me so severely of late, that if ever I presume to Visit them in Print again, I must at the same time make a tedious Apology, and so descen'd to what I have always had an Aversion to, I mean the Impertinence of a long Preface.

'Tis hard, that when by a Man's Writing 'tis plain enough what he Means, yet a poor Author should be forc'd to trouble the World with a long Account of what he does not mean too.

I confess, according to the Custom of the Times, he that writes any thing which may be misunderstood Ought to expect to be Misunderstood, and ought to give People leave to believe he meant ill, tho' the Error is in their own Eye-sight, and the Reason 'is, because he that knew the Defect of Custom, ought to have fenc'd against it: As when a Man talks softly to a Deaf Man, he ought to expect the the Man should think he Curses when he Complements, and that if he Smiles at a Story, he Laughs at him he tells it to, and he cannot blame the Man neither, because he might have spoke plainer.

This is the Case with respect to those Dissenters, who are of the Opinion, That a certain Book, which, 'tis too true for me was of my Writing, was writ with a Design to have all the Dissenters Hang'd, Banish'd or Destroy'd, and that the Gallows, and the Gallies, should be the Penalty of Going to a Conventicle, forgetting that the same time I must design to have my Father, my Wife, six innocent Children, and my self, put into the same Condition.

All the Fault I can find in my self as to these People is, that when I had drawn the Picture I did not like the Dutch-man, with his Man and Bear write under them, This is the Man, and This is the Bear, lest the People should mistake me.

I confess I did not foresee an Occasion for this, and having in a Compliment to their Judgments shou'd so sharp a Reflection upon their Senses. I have left them at Liberty, to Treat me like One that put a Value upon their Penetration at the Expence of my own.

I have no Occasion further to mention that unhappy Book than on these Accounts; for, 'tis plain, all other Parties understand it, and take it as it was meant, and I am like to find it so.

The Liberty the World has taken with my Character, in this time of my Retreat, has been the Occasion of this Book.

'Tis hard, that when a Man under the Publick Resentment was oblig'd to keep out of the way, the whole World should fly at him, like a Dog with a Broom at his Tail, reckon up all the Faults of his Life, and Ten Thousand more than ever he Committed, to be the common Places of their general Discourse, taking the Advantage of his Absence, when he was not able to Answer for himself.

Nay, so Extravagant was the whole World, that One had Wit little enough, as well as Manners, to Challenge me in Print, when he knew, at the same time, there was a Reward of Fifty Pounds to be given to him that would Discover where I was.

This was such a Satyr upon all the rest, that really instead of Fighting that Gentleman I would Thank him, if I knew who he was, as a Person that was willing to show himself a Coxcomb, that other People might see their own Pictures.

England is particularly famous for the most Generous way of Fighting in the World, I mean as to the common Peoples private Quarrels, while the Dutch mangle one another with Knives, the Scotch Highlanders knock one another's Brains out with Pole-Axes, the Irish stab with their Skeins, and Spaniards with their Daggers; the English-men fairly Box it out, and in this way of Fighting the Walbie stands by to see fair Play, as they call it, which is, that when a Man

Man is down 'tis Counted foul Play, and the Trick of a Coward, to strike him, but let him Rise, and then have-at-him.

Gentlemen, it had been but kind to have given me fair play, and not fall all upon me when I was down; let me get up again, if I can, for I much doubt it, and then let us see whose Face is blackest, and welcome.

In this Universal humour of Mobbing me, some Gentlemen have descended very much beneath their own Characters, as well as Honesty, to the Disgrace of Good Manners, and the scandal of their Education. If I was not really very angry with them, I should give them some room in this Book, but I scorn to make a Satyr the Method of showing my private Resentment.

If I would Resent all the scoundrel Usage I have met with, and some of it from my Friends, I must certainly prepare to dye with my Shooes on, and therefore I chooje to let it pass, as that which is really more shame to the Author of Scandal than to me.

But that the World may see I am not one of those that Practise what I reprove, I began this Satyr, with Owning, in my self, those Sins and Misfortunes which I am no more exempted from than other Men, and as I am far from pretending to be free from Humane frailties, but forwarder to confess any of the Errors of my Life, than any Man can be to Accuse me. I think my self in a better way to Reformation, than those who excuse their own Faults by reckoning up Mine.

Some that have heard me complain of this hard usage have told me, there is something of a Retaliation of Providence in it, for my being so very free with the Characters of other Men, in a late Satyr call'd, The Reformation of Manners.

To this I Answer,

First, in that Satyr, or any other I ever wrote, I have always carefully avoided lashing any Man's private Infirmities, as being too sensible of my Own. But if I have singl'd out any Men by Characters, it has not been such as pretending to reform others, and Execute the Laws against Vice, but have been the great Examples and Encouragers of it in their own Example and Practise.

Or

Or such as have been Truſted with the Executive Power of Juſtice, and having been call'd upon by the Laws to Reform us, have been a publick reproach to the Magiſtracy of this Nation, and ought to be puniſh'd by the Laws they have been Protected by.

Secondly, I have never made any Man's Diſaſters and Miſfortunes the Subject of my Satyr.

I never Reproach'd any Man for having his Houſe burnt, or his Ships caſt away, or his Family ruin'd; I never Lampoon'd a Man becauſe he could not pay his Debts, or for his being a Cuckold.

Thirdly, I never Reproach'd any Man for his Opinion in Religion, or us'd him the worſe for differing in Judgment from me.

Indeed, if I meet with a profeſs'd Atheiſt, that after God has given him Life and a Being, denies to own the Being of Him that made him. If I meet with a Clergy-man that points the way to Heaven to other People, but tells them 'tis not worth while for him to go that way himſelf, a Fellow that Preaches becauſe he's paid for it, and bids his Hearers get them to Heaven and be Damn'd to 'em, in ſuch Caſes I think I have no Bounds ſet me.

If therefore the ſcandalous Treatment I have receiv'd is juſt upon me for abuſing others, I muſt aſk ſuch, Who is the Man? Where is the Character I have given that is not Juſt? And where's the Retaliation of Providence that theſe Men entitle themſelves to in loading me with Falſities and Lies, as a juſt Punishment for my ſaying the Truth?

But a P---x on him, ſaid a certain ſober Gentleman, that did not uſe to have ſuch Words in his Mouth, he is a Whig, and what need he have meddl'd with his own Party? Could not he have left them out, there were Characters enough o' t'other ſide.

Why really, Gentlemen, I muſt own I know no Whig or Tory in Vice. The Vitious and the Vertuous are the only two Parties I had to do with. If a Vitious, Leud, Debauch'd Magiſtrate happen'd to be a Whig, what then? Let him mend his Manners, and he may be a Whig ſtill, and if not, the reſt ought to be aſham'd of him.

Befides, if they will have me be of that Party, I think I ought rather to have fix'd on my own Party than not, Firſt, That no Man might ſay I was Partial and Unfair, and Secondly, That thoſe I had moſt

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most kindness for might reform first, which is the best thing I could wish for them.

Well, Gentlemen, if these are my Faults, you have paid me home for them; and now 'tis my turn again, but I shall treat you with some different Candor from what I receiv'd.

I do own that I shall never see a notorious scandalous Magistrate, a whoreing drunken Clergy-man, a leud debauch'd Justice of the Peace, a publick blaspheming Atheist, but I shall be apt to have a fling at him my way; but you have done me this good, that I shall always be a publick Penitent for my own Miscarriages, if it be only in meer Pride not to be liable to you Recrimination.

And I recommend my Practice to all my Friends, if they would be Satyr free,

**Confession will anticipate Reproach,
He that Reviles us then Reviles too much.
All Satyr ceases when the Men Repent,
'Tis Cruelty to lash the Penitent.**

And yet, Gentlemen, I desire not to be mistaken, for as I will never hide my Infirmities, so I am not oblig'd to confess Sins I never committed; and therefore speaking to the Vicious, with whom I have been so free, I must say, I was not in their debt this Acknowledgement; for tho' I have been a Man of Misfortunes, and one of the greatest has been to be wrongfully accus'd, yet I have the comfort of this Negative, if Negative Vertues can be any Comfort, That I have not been a Man of Vice, and whatever Malice may have the ill Nature to suggest, I venture to say without Pride, no Man can charge me with it.

I forbear to say anything farther than Thankfulness to restraining Goodness extorts, for I count a Man no proper Advocate for himself. But if I must act the Pharisee a little, I must begin thus; God, I thank thee, I am not a Drunkard, or a Swearer, or a Whore-master, or a busy Body, or Idle, or Revengeful, &c. and tho' this be true, and I challenge all the World to prove the contrary, yet I must own I see small satisfaction in all the possible Negatives of Common Vertue. For tho' I

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have not been Guilty of any of these Vices, nor of many more, I have nothing to infer from thence, but, Te Deum Laudamus.

But after all, how can it be true that I have been too free with the Characters, when here are a sort of People almost ready to go together by the Ears about the Characters; if there be a Drunken Justice, all Men are fond of being thought the Man, the Lawyers have named me Twenty Men for my Clitus, and adundance more for Pletumacy, and if I have singl'd out but one of a Sort, where is the Injury to any Body? since if they who are nam'd don't like it, here is so many People are fond of taking it up in their stead.

However, it seems to be a Disparagement to the Satyr to want so direct a Hint at the Person nam'd, as if the Character was not a sufficient Discription of the Party, and this argued a Deficiency of Wit in the performance.

In order therefore, to please every Body, if that impossible thing be likely, I have plac'd the few Characters in this Book without any true References, declaring before hand, that the Letters signifie no Body, and the Consequences of this are two.

First, If any Person has reason to think he is the Man pointed out in any Particular, he is at Liberty to disown the Character, and by his future Reformation to show that it could not be he.

Secondly, Those that are fond of a rank Character, need not fall out who was meant by the Author; but as many as find their Likeness in the Picture may call it their own, and fill up the Blanks with their Names if they please.

They who expect I should say any thing of my own Matters relating to The Shortest Way, will be mistaken, this is no part of the Design, nor hath the Book any thing to do with it. So far as that Book has Displeas'd the Government, I have surrendred at Discretion, and having voluntarily committed my self to the Publick Clemency, have no more to say but this, It is the Queen, let Her Majesty do what seems Good in Her Eyes.

More

More Reformation, &c.

A

SATYR.

HE that in Satyr dips his angry Pen,
To lash the Manners, and the Crimes of Men;
Pretends to bring their Vices on the Stage,
And draw the proper Picture of the Age:
If he be Mortal, if he be a Man,
They'll make a Devil of him if they can.
The meanest slip shall in a Glass be shown,
That by his Faults they may excuse their own:
So guided by their Passions, Pride, or Fate,
That they who should reform, recriminate:
And he that first reforms a vicious Town,
Prevents their ruin, but completes his own;

B

For

For if he was an Angel from on high,
He cannot 'scape the general Infamy :
They who resolve, they never will amend,
Assault him first, their Vices to defend ;
And when his Lines may happen to convince,
They miss the Passions, tho' they touch the Sense.
By secret Pride, of which we all partake,
We'll hate the Doctrine for the Teacher's sake :
Scorn the Instruction, or, with high Disdain,
Tho' we receive the hint, abuse the Man ;
As School Boys, when Corrected for a Fault,
Like what they learn, but hate the Man that taught.

Ill Nature is conspicuous enough
In Mankind's strong aversion to Reproof,
In which their Passions contradict their Sense,
While Shame and Pride shut out their Penitence.

For Pride's the Native regent of the Mind,
And where it rules, it ruins all Mankind ;

He

He that pretends to storm it, may as well
 Assault the very Counterescarp of Hell:
 Ten Thousand lesser Devils stand within,
 To garrison their Frontier Town of Sin:
 Whom e're this swelling Vapour does possess,
 It never fails their Reason to suppress;
 To struggle with it, is a vain pretence,
 It masters all the Manners and the Sence;
 But above all things, 'tis distinctly shown;
 In that our least Mistakes we scorn to own:
 Go on in Vice, because we hate to mend,
 And won't acknowledge what we can't defend:
 And if the sawcy Priests, or Poets, dare
 To Lash the fashionable Vice we wear;
 Nay, tho' their Language should convince th' Age,
 They'll hiss the grave Instructor off the Stage.

Shame, Pride's young Sister, and her self a Vice,
 Prompts Nature next, Repentance to despise;

She talks of Honour, Scandal of the Times,
Blushes at Reformation, not at Crimes.

Men must be vicious, when they have begun,
The scandal of Acknowledgment to shun;
They must go on in Vice, because they're in,
Asham'd t'repent, but not asham'd to sin:

These Mens destruction no Man can prevent,
For Modesty has made them impudent.

The Difficulty in this Riddle lies;
The Virtue shou'd reform them is their Vice.

No proper Language can describe the case,
Too little Honesty, and too much Grace:

Cowards, whom Nature too much Courage lent,
Who dare to sin, but dare not to repent:

Fools, who unhappily are curst with Wit,
And know not how to Own what they commit.

These Arguments the latent Cause contain,
Why Mankind are so oft reprov'd in vain:

Their

Their Modesty's the new uncommon Evil,
 'Tis bad to sin, but to repent's the Devil.
 He that offends, may ha' been Vice's Tool,
 But to acknowledge, makes a Man a Fool ;
 Puts him quite out of Fashion in the Town,
 And he that *Once* reforms, is *Twice* undone.

Satyr, while Men upon such Maxims move,
 Expect no quarter, if thou wilt reprove ;
 If e're unhappily thou step'st awry,
 Thy general Virtue's all condemn'd to die :
 With a full Cry they'l join to hunt thee down,
 By th' Universal Clamour of the Town.

Then first examin with a careful Hand,
 And search the Ancient Statutes of the Land,
 And if you miss the matter on Record,
 See what assistance Reason will afford ;
 Enquire among the Sages, often try
 The Rules of Wisdom and Philosophy,

And

And learn, if possible, from wiser Men,
Who us'd to be allow'd our Vices to condemn.

If Innocence alone must Guilt remove,
Where lives the Man that's fitted to reprove?
Whose Life will Scandal and Reproach prevent,
And never had occasion to repent?
If in our Circle such a Star should shine,
Thy Whips and Scorpions Satyr must resign:
He only cou'd a right of Scandal claim,
And he alone might honestly defame.

But since Mankind are all alike so frail,
That Crimes with life, come like Estates in tail;
All have an equal Title to reproach,
Except some few, who sin a Knot too much:
He that has all his own Mistakes confess,
Stands next to him who never has transgress,
And will be Censur'd for a Fool by none,
But they who see no Errors of their own:

For

For Innocence in Men, can not be meant
Of such as ne'er offend, but as repent;
Therefore of them that Vices reprehend,
'Tis not requir'd, that they should ne'er offend:
But this they always owe to Gods and Men,
Not to commit the Vices they Condemn;
Nor to be quite subdu'd by general Crimes,
Not first Debauch, and then Reform the Times.

Satyr is Nonfense, when it comes from those
Who practise all the Errors they expose;
This is reforming of the World by halves,
And all the Satyr points upon themselves;
Directly tells us, their own Names are meant,
As if they sin'd on purpose to repent.

Yet is it not thy Business to decry
The vulgar Errors of Society?
Humane Infirmities are not the Crimes,
For which thou art to scandalize the Times;

[Nor

Nor is it fit for thee to call to mind,
Or banter the Misfortunes of Mankind ;
For if their Sins and Sorrows must come in,
Thy Satyr must upon thy self begin.
Since none that ever wrote a Line before
Of *these*, has had, so many of *those*, has more :

Malice shall write thy Character in vain,
Thou know'st more Faults than thy Describers can ;
But let the Man that pens thy History
Correct his own, and first repent like thee :
He's welcome then his Satyr to advance,
And gorge his rising Spleen with thy Mischance :
'Tis vain, against thy Crimes to raise a Storm,
Let those recriminate who first reform :
Let them expose thy Errors to the Town,
As freely as if they themselves had none :
Thou shalt go unprov'd, till they repent,
But first let them reform, and thou'rt content.

If

If ever yet thou did'st pretend to be
 From Passions, Pride, or from Misfortunes free,
 In this thou hast been guilty of a Crime,
 Blacker than all the Vices of the Time.

Nay, if it should be thy severer Fate,
 That those thou hast reprov'd recriminate;
 And as, in Malice, it is often found,
 Should forge on thee the Crimes with which themselves abound;
 Thy Pen shall never plead thine Innocence,
 Nor write one angry Line in thy Defence;
 Because thy guilty Thoughts can call to Mind
 More secret Crimes, than ever they could find.

Yet tell them who their darling Vices love,
 Thou still retain'st a Title to reprove;
 For this thy Satyr's Credit shall Restore,
 Thy faults are less, and thy Repentance More.

C

Nor

Nor will Recrimination ever do't,
 For common Vices are not in Dispute;
 But let the Men who think thou dost 'em wrong,
 And are so touch'd and angry at thy Song,
 Rummage the bottom of thy Character,
 To find the Crimes which thou hast banter'd there;
 And if with Truth of Conduct they can find
 Those Crimes in thee, for which thou blam'st Mankind,
 Then let them blast thy Satyr and condemn
 The Partial Malice of thy ill-bred Pen,
 Then let thy Rhymes be Curst, *but not till then.*

G ——— Writes Satyr, rails at Blasphemy,
 And his next Page Lampoons the Deity;
 Exposes his *Darinda's* Vicious Life,
 But keeps six Whores, and starves his modest Wife;
 Sets up for a Reformer of the Town,
 Himself a First Rate Rake below Lampoon.

To Sin's a Vice in Nature, and we find
 All men to Error and Mistakes enclin'd,
 And Reprehension's not at all uncivil,
 But to have *Rakes* reprove us, that's the Devil.

S——n, if such a thing this Age can show,
 Sets up for an instructing sober *Beau*,
 An Air of Gravity upon his Brow,
 And wou'd be Pious too, if he knew how;
 His Language Decent, very seldom Swears,
 And never fails the Play-House, nor his Prayers
 Vice seems to ha' been banish'd from his Doors,
 And very, very, very seldom Whores.

His Brother Fops he drags to Church to Pray,
 And checks the Ladies if they talk too Gay:
 But S——n most unhappily has fix'd
 On two Extreams which never can be mix'd;

112
For they will All the Power of Art out-do,
Can join the new Reformer and the Beau.

Some that look out for Wit, and love to Read,
Are raising Bully *Strephon* from the Dead ;
His vitious Lines they say will Vice Lampoon,
And *Rochester* shall now Convert the Town :
What tho' the Baudy runs thro' all he Writ,
The more the Wickedness, the more the Wit.
The vilest Scene which in his Verse appears,
Will ruin Leudness by the Dress she wears ;
And thus with lame pretences they revive
Those Lines when Dead, he blush'd at whilst alive :
As if Mankind could not discern their Evil,
Without a naked Vision of the Devil.

Like some Gay Ladies who, as Authors say,
First for the vitious part approve the Play ;
But threaten they would all the work refuse,
Did not the Wit the Leuder part excuse.

These worse than *Rochester* prepare to sin,
 And act the Follies he left off, again :
 Like him they boldly venture on the Crime,
 But think not of Repenting too like him.
 Pleas'd with the Lines, he wish'd he had not Writ,
 They Court his Folly, and pass by his Wit.

Some, *Satyr*, make thy sharp Rebukes in vain,
 Whose Reformation no Man can Explain :
 The fault which they're reprov'd for, they forsake,
 And change of Vices not of Manners make,
 Transpose their Crimes, which they by turns commit,
 And manage their Repentance by their Wit.

These from thy *Satyr* always were secure,
 Fenc'd by the Mask of Penitence they wore ;
 Busie to Cure the Error of the Times,
 But shams of Reformation hide their Crimes.

The course of Nature does their faults renew,
 And when they lay one down, they take up two.
 These are the *Royal Companies* of Vice,
 Whose Reformation in their out-side lies;
 Who Shift their Crimes about from hand to hand,
 And *Stock-job Sin*, as men transfer their Land;
 The *Devil's Brokers* for Exchanges, who
 Old *Whiston*, *Haynes*, or *Leuder Crisp* out-do.
 These are *Dissenters* from the Modes of Vice,
 But hold *Occasional Conformities*;
 A general Virtue openly profess,
 But as occasion offers, can Transgress.

D——d's a Penitent; his former Days
 Were spent in all the high Extremes of Vice;
 At *Rome*, at *Paris*, and where'er he came,
 The Bravoes knew his Face, the Whores his Fame.
 His Bully Sword he now forbears to draw,
 Repents of Blood, and Murthers now by Law;

Reforms his open Leudness, and begins
 To mingle some Discretion when he Sins;
 Has learnt to blush, and pleads in Scripture Phrase,
 And shakes his Head at his own leuder Days.
 The outside of Repentance may proceed,
 But still the Devil and the Man's agreed:
 He changes publick Crimes for private Vice,
 And where's the Reformation pray of this?

K——'s a Dissenter and severe of Life,
 Instructs his Household, and Corrects his Wife;
 Reproves a Stranger, if he hears him Swear,
 For Vice and he ha' been some Years at War;
 But Sins of Inclination will remain,
 Eclipse the Christian, and Expose the Man:
 For Wine's the darling Devil of his Life;
 This reconciles the Anti-Christian strife
 Betwixt the Convert and his former Friends,
 And for his Reformation makes amends.

Religion seems to have possess'd his Soul,
 But Vice Corrupts the Parts, and Taints the whole,
 Infects his painted Piety and Zeal,
 And shows the Hypocrite he'd fain conceal.
 The Bottle Conquers all his Reformation,
 And makes Religion stoop to Inclination.
 Lectures and Sermons he frequents by Day,
 But yet comes home at Night too Drunk to Pray ;
 Yet too much Piety is his Disease,
 Thank Heaven ! there's few such Hypocrites as these ;
 That wipes his Mouth, and acts without remorse,
 Sins and Repents, Repents and sins in course.

All this to true Religion's no Disgrace,
 For Hypocrites encrease in every place.
 The Church may the Dissenters then despise,
 When they themselves are free from men of Vice ;
 And Whigs may Church Integrity decry,
 When none are so but men of honesty ;

For Party Vice can no Religion blame,
 But Knaves of all Religions are the same;
 The Villain in his Heart will still be so,
 Tho' he to Church or *Conventicles* go.
 The Sacred Mask put on, the Man may come,
 And joyn with all the sorts in Christendom.

Satyr forbear to touch the *honest few*,
 Who are to Honour and to Conscience true;
 Whom no Occasional Pretence can bribe,
 No byas turn, or human force prescribe.
 These are the Favourites of God and Man,
 Whom Kings need never fear, nor Laws restrain;
 They never study to embroil the State,
 Nor Mortgage their Religion to be Great.
 Tho' Oaths or Sacraments they may decline,
 'Tis not from subtle Reasons, but Divine;
 The private scruples in the Conscience fix'd,
 From int'rest free, and with design unmix'd:
 And therefore when by Fear or Honour mov'd,
 Their Native Honesty is quickly prov'd.

This with a just contempt they can defie,
 And *that* with equal constancy deny.

With steady Faith they serve the Government,
 In Judgment, not in Charity dissent :
 To the Establish'd Church they yield the hand,
 For Conscience only they dispute Command ;
 And those few Doubts which force them to divide,
 Are from Necessity and not from Pride :
 Events or Causes are not their pretence,
 These they resign with Peace to Providence :
 They seek no Place for Profit or Applause,
 Are Friends to *Cæsar* and to *Cæsar's* Laws :
 In Quietness and Peace is their delight,
 And always where they can't obey, submit :
 For the Establish'd Government they Pray,
 To the Establish'd Government they Pay,
 With hearty Zeal, Sincerity and Love,
 Which both the Christian and the Subject prove :

The *English* Crown they chearfully maintain,
And wish that where it is it may remain.

The Church they can't Conform to they defend,
Its Civil Power uphold, its Sacred Power befriend;
With Tolleration they are well content,
And these are they the Tolleration meant :
No Government would such as these oppress,
Or wish to make their little numbers less.

What tho' we think their Consciences mis-led,
Conscience is positive, and must b' obey'd ;
And he that's faithful to its Dictates, goes
Direct and steady to the Truth he knows ;
And they that find a nearer way than he,
May blame his Knowledge, not his Honesty.

But he's the Hypocrite who both ways bends,
Whose doubling Conscience serves his private Ends ;
To day can from the Establish'd Church divide,
To morrow can his Conscience sell to avarice and Pride ;

Alternate Oaths and Sacraments can take,
 Alternate Sacraments and Oaths can break ;
 On one hand can the Establish'd Church defie,
 And when *occasion offers* can comply :
 No *Tollering Laws* can these defend,
 To these no *Royal Promises* extend ;
 The Nation should determine this dispute,
 By Timely Laws, lest Heaven it self shou'd do't.

In vain to Honesty they may pretend,
 Vain are the shifts the Practice to defend ;
 He never can be steady to the Truth,
 Who builds with one hand, and pulls down with both.

They that for Conscience sake at first Dissent,
 Can ne're Conform again till they repent :
 The actions of themselves so distant lye,
 They stab the first Dissent when they comply :
 The scruple's banish'd by instructing light,
 As Day succeeds the darkness of the Night.

But

But some to distant Ages will retire,
 And of the Church's Infant Years enquire;
 And there from Apostolick Practice try
 To back the grand Mistake with Scriptural Authority :
 St. *Paul*, they tell us, sometimes did refuse,
 And sometimes joyn'd in Worship with the *Jews* :
 To Day would Christian Profelytes Baptise,
 To Morrow Hebrew Converts Circumcise.
 Crowds of Dissenting Christians from them draw,
 Exalt the Gospel, and Preach down the Law;
 Yet as occasion offer'd too thought fit
 To Synagogues and Sanhedrims submit.
 And this they very Learnedly apply,
 To their Occasional Conformity.

No Man can certainly be thus mistaken,
 But he that's of his Senses first forsaken ;
 Since he that has but half an Eye may see
 The Reasons differ, tho' the Facts agree ;

The distant Circumstances soon will tell,
The Lame and Incoherent parallel.

For *Law* and *Gospel* were the very same,
From one Divine Original they came:
Law was but *Gospel* under Types conceal'd,
And *Gospel* was those Types and *Laws* reveal'd;
The Sacred Institution only dy'd,
Because the thing was come it signifi'd;
The Types and Figures could no more remain,
Because the Substance made the Shadows plain,
The meaning of the Law was not destroy'd,
Only the Gospel made th' Occasion void;
The Sacred Substance still remain'd alive,
In its *Eternal Representative*.

The equal Object equally will last,
That of a Christ to come, *this* of a Jesus past.
Thus both in equal strength remain alive,
That Antecedent, *this* the Relative;

The Circumstances to one Center came,
 And were not two Religions, but the same.
 Their high successive Order was Divine,
 Where *that* determin'd, *this* was to begin;
 So that the Man who did with *this* comply,
 Did not by Consequences *that* deny,

The Knife with which the Rabby Circumcis'd,
 The Font in which the Christian was Baptis'd,
 Were all the same, the same they signifid,
 And only one another they supply'd;
 Both had their Sanction from the high Command,
 And the same thing by both we understand:
 No scruple therefore justly cou'd arise,
 Whether to cut the *Foreskin* or Baptise.

The same in Ceremonies holds as true,
 The Jewish Rites the Christian Doctrines view;
 Their *Altars*, *Sacrifices*, *Incense*, *Smoke*,
Attonements, *Sprinklings* *Blood*, and *Priests* t' invoke;

The Temple, Holy-place, and Mercy Seat,
 Feasts, Passovers, New-Moons, forbidden Meat,
 All these the great *Messias* represent,
 For him they all were made, and him they meant.

Human Inventions were not here impos'd,
 Where Heaven Commands the Conscience is foreclos'd.
 And all the Scruples that cou'd here remain,
 Was but where *this* shou'd end, or *that* begin:
 Here was no Civil Power or Military,
 To make indifferent *things* be necessary:
 Nothing was insignificant or vain,
 Nothing was doubtful, nothing was humane,
 'Twas all from Heaven, and tho 'twas near its end,
 Its great beginning did their awe Command.

If this be all we find to justify
 This Modern Hetrodox Conformity,
 The lame Precedent no Example draws,
 But leaves the Practice Modern as the Cause.

Besides,

Besides, if 'twill not thus be understood,
 Jewish Conformity may still be good;
 Christians may when they think it fit Baptise,
 Or as *Occasion* offers Circumcise;
 The Talmud use instead of Common Prayer,
 Altars and Sacrifices now prepare :
 We may their Feasts, New-Moons, and Fasts divide,
 And *Pentecost* observe for *Whitsontide* ;
 If we the Apostle's Practice will avow,
 Because 'twas Lawful then, 'tis *Lawful now* ;
 Christians their Ancient Rites may first refuse,
 And then *Occasionally* turn to Jews.

But if to Scripture Periods we refer,
 We find no Mystery, nor Wonder there ;
 The Matter's plain, the Difficulty's solv'd,
 The Type was in the Typifi'd dissolv'd :
 But 'till the Perfect Union, 'tis as plain,
 Till one was fixt, the other might remain.

How readily a sinking Cause applies
 To weak and unassisting Vanities !
 And how industriously will men defend
 The Faults on which their Interest does depend !

Satyr, thou may'st the farther search refrain,
 And let the latent Arguments remain ;
 He that his baffl'd Conscience can defie,
 Will Arguments and Principles deny :
 To talk where Pride and Profits are to come,
 Is preaching Gospel to a Kettle-Drum.

Interest, like one of *Jeroboam's Calves*,
 In all Religions will at least go halves ;
 But where it gets a little overway,
 It hurries all our Honesty away.
 If Conscience happens to maintain its ground,
 And is too long on the Defensive found,
 The vigorous Siege is carry'd on so fast,
 'Tis ten to one but it's subdu'd at last.

But if the Seruple happens to remain,
 Religion's twisted up, that Seruple to Explain.
 To this great Idol Conscience learns to bow,
 And what was *Error* once, is *Order* now.

Satyr, forbear, industriously refrain,
 The Sacred Name of *Conscience* to prophane;
 Cunning and Craft may take up the Disguise,
 But *Conscience* must be under some Surprise:
 And, when he's well recover'd, will raise a storm,
 'Tis ten to one 'twill make them all reform:
 He can the strongest Resolution break,
 And will be heard, when he thinks fit to speak:
 The stoutest Courage never could sustain
 The shocks of *Conscience*, the Attempt's in vain.

The Atheist feels *this* grieve in his breast,
 And, while he Banters, trembles at the Jest;
 The secret Trepidation racks his Soul,
 And when he says, *No God*, replies, *Thou Fool*!

Of *Sleep* it robs their Nights, of *Joy* the Day,
 Makes Monarchs stoop to Fear, and *Kings* obey;
 Distracting thoughts in all their Mirth 'twill raise,
 And strange regret to pleasant acts conveys.

Kingdoms and Governments it keeps in awe,
 For Conscience is superior to the Law.
 No Acts of Parliament can here constrain,
 But Force or Fraud are equally in vain.
 Dispensing Power has here a legal force,
 For Laws to conquer Conscience *cease of course*;
 And where a Law commands a Man to sin,
 The Law goes out, and lets the Libel In.

Men never could commit Mistakes, would they
 This Constant wakeing Centinel obey;
 Would they within this Cabinet retire,
 And of this Faithful Councillor enquire
 Of every action, they might quickly know
 Whether it was an honest one or no.

Conscience.

Conscience must be the only thing that's meant,
 When we express our Reasons for Dissent;
 They who another Argument can make,
 Let them stand up, and bid their Reasons speak:
 For he that can Dissent, and yet comply,
 I own has learnt a Doctrine more than I.

Satyr, with them thy future Portion seek,
 Who use no Arts their Conscience to bespeak;
 But listening to his honest dictates, they
 With care enquire, and then with care obey.
 If e're thou turn thy Pen to *banter these*,
 May all thy power of Satyr from thee cease;
 May Heaven deny thee Wit as well as Bread,
 Thou cease to Write, and wise Men cease to Read.
 For against these it is in vain to Write,
 S—— will not here find out his Hypocrite,
 And were we all like these, *there's none wou'd try't.*

Hoadly

Houdly would answer *Callamy* in vain,
 Only to help him baffle him again:
Sachavrell's Standard never had been spread,
 And *High Church Spleen* would hide her angry head.
 The Church her self would so much candour feel,
 To own their Honesty, and spare their Zeal:
 The general Charity would quickly flow, and nwo
 And *Christian* wou'd be all the Names they'd know:
 Here wou'd be then no Parties nor no strife,
 The Nation wou'd be easie as they're safe;
 The Church might Govern, and have no pretence
 To crush the Party in their own defence,
 For what have men to fear from innocence?

Then they could find no colour to oppress,
 And if the hate remain'd, the Cause would cease.
 No Prince, no Church could such a Race destroy,
 Without the blackest brand of Tyranny.
 Religion, if there's any in the Land,
 Would own the Party, and the Cause defend:

And

And all the Clamour, at their long Dissent,
Must bow to *Conscience* which they can't prevent.

Now, *Satyr*, all thy Grievances rehearse,
And so retrieve the Honour of thy Verse.
No more shalt thou old *Marvell's* Ghost lament,
Who always rally'd Kings and Government:
Thy Lines their awful Distance always knew,
And thought that Debt to Dignities was Due.
Crowns should be counted with the things Divine,
On which Burlesque is rudeness and profane;
The *Royal Banter* cannot stand the Test,
But where we find the Wit, we lose the Jest.

Poets sometimes with Royal Praise appear,
And sometimes too much Flattery prepare,
Which wiser Princes hardly will Dispence,
Tho' 'tis a Crime of no great Consequence.

But *Satyr* has no business with the Crown,
No Wit can with good Manners there be shown.

He that the Royal Errors will Expose,
His Courage more than his Discretion shows.
 Besides his Duty shou'd his Pen restrain,
 And blame the Crime, but not describe the Man:
 His proper Parallel of Vice may bring,
 Expose the Error, not Expose the King.

Be faithful, *Satyr*, and thy Lines address;
Before Mankind accuses thee, Confess;
 And where thy Pen has thy own Maxims broke,
 Recal thy Senses, and the Crime revoke:
 Thy Swift pursuit of Vice a while adjourn,
 To Panegyricks all thy Satyrs turn;
 Let Guilt take Breath, and all *the Sons of Sin*
 Have time with thee to mend their Manners in:
 Cease now to lash the Errors of the Town,
 And turn thy pointed Satyr at *thy Own*.

Thy needless care from Vices to abstain,
 Thy Virtue and thy Temperance all's in Vain;

Since the First slip of thy unhappy Pen
 Levels thy Fame beneath the worst of Men:
 Unhappy Poets! when they strive t' excel,
 Perish in the Extremes of doing well.
Promiscuous Gall, unwarily let flye,
 May hit the Honest, pass the Guilty by :
 But when at Sovereign Power 'tis loosely thrown,
 'Tis Treason in the Verse, and all the Crime's our Own.
 When thy *Luxuriant Fancy* soar'd too high,
 And scorch'd its Wings with Beams of Majesty,
 Like hasty *Icarus*, depriv'd of Flight,
 It sunk Beneath the Ignorance of Night.

Herein much more than others thou hast sin'd,
Because thy Lines against thy Light offend;
 Hast broke thy own firm constituted Laws,
 Hast been thy self th' Effect, thy self the Cause;
 And it must be the Devil drew thee in,
 Against thy Sense and Custom thus to sin,

F

Since

Since thou hast always own'd that Heaven thought fit,
Want of Manners should pass for Want of Wit.

Well grounded Satyr's Physick for the Times,
 But operates on nothing but our Crimes ;
 And turns to rankest Poyson, if let flye
 At Virtue, Innocence, or Majesty.
 Satyr on Kings and Queens is all Lampoon,
 And he that writes it ought to be undone.
 'Tis Wits High-Treason, and, for punishment,
 The Poet ought to lodge *i'th' City's Tenement.*

Bedlam's the County Jayl, the Wits should know,
 Where all *Apollo's* Mad-Men ought to go ;
 The Muses *Bridewell* to Correct such Fellows,
 As Merit not the Favour of the Gallows ;
 A worser Dungeon *than the Last below,*
 Where, if men are not mad, it makes them so :
 For he that wou'd not rather chuse to Dye,
 And from *St. Bedlam* to *St. Tyburn* flye,

Must

Must have no Senses left to be his Guide,
Must certainly be Lunatick and Mad.

Satyr go on, and search the rank'd wound,
For *more Mistakes of thine* are to be found ;
And if thou should'st not all thy Faults confess,
Mankind will mind reforming theirs the less :
The Country Justice may disturb the Peace,
The Clergy Drink and Whore, the Gospel cease,
The Doctors Cavil, and the Priests contend,
And Convocation-Quarrels see no end ;
The *High* and *Low-Church* strife embroil the State,
And subdivide us all for God knows what ;
Physicians fetch their Poisons from afar,
And Soldiers studdy to protract the War ;
Give thanks for Victories when they retreat,
And find out Conquests in their own Defeat ;
Occasional Conformity prevail,
And looseness on our Principles entail.

Thou art not qualify'd to lash the Crimes,
 Or heal by searching Verse the vitious Times ;
 Left in persuance of thy stated Law,
 Thy own Mistakes should keep thy Pen in awe.

Then first confess that, with unwary touch,
 Thou lashest some too little, some too much ;
 And humbly ask the Pardon of Sir *John*,
 For thinking him too much below Lampoon:
 Not that he less than others loves a Whore,
 Not that he's less than those debauch'd, *but more*.
 For when to Beasts and Devils men descend,
 Reforming's past, and Satyr's at an end.
 No decent Language can their crimes rehearse,
 They lye below *the Dignity of Verse*.
 But if among thy Lines he would have place,
 Petition him to *Counterfeit some Grace*,
 Let him like something of a Christian sin,
 Then thou't ha' some pretence to bring him in.

Then

Then thou art blam'd for Winking at a L--d
 Whose Rapes and Vices stand upon Record,
 And call'd a partial Coward, for passing by
 Such open Crimes, because of Quality;
 But here thy Courage has too much been Proof,
 And to thy loss, hast anger'd Lords enough;
 But if 'tis Criminal, my Lord may see
 Thy Veneration for Nobility;
 Since their Sublimer Quality might lead,
 To guess they're meant, when other Names are read.

Satyr's Imperfect, and the Title's Lame,
 Till Men may read their Crimes without the Name,
 And Characters the Persons best explain,
 When by the Picture all men know the Man;
 For if the Picture does the Person shew,
 They're certain signs that the Description's true.
 The Poet is not taken upon Trust,
 For all Men know the Characters are just;

G

But

But if the Names are needful to Impart,
 There must be a Deficiency of Art,
 Like the *Dutch* Painter with his *Man and Bear*,
 Who writes beneath to tell us what they are,
 As if the Picture would not let us know,
 Which was the properest Booby of the Two.

And wou'dst thou now describe a *Modern Tool*,
 To wit, to Parties, and himself a Fool,
 Embroil'd with State to do his Friend no good,
 And by his Friends themselves misunderstood;
 Misconstru'd first in every word he said,
 By these unpitied, and by those unpaid,
 All men would say the Picture was thy own,
 No *Gazet Marks* were half so quickly known.

Thou that for *Party-Interest* didst Indite,
 And thoughtst to be Excus'd for *meaning right*.
 This Comfort will thy want of Wit afford,
 That now thou'rt left a *Coxcomb* on Record;
England had always this one Happiness
 Never to look at Service, but Success;

And

And he's a Fool that Differing Judgment makes
And thinks to be rewarded for Mistakes.

If thou canst name the long forgotten Days,
When Men for *Good Intentions* met with Praise ;
If in our antient Records you can find
True English Men to Gratitude inclin'd.
If it has been the Talent of the Land,
Merit without Success to Understand,
Then you might have expected a Reward,
And then ha' thought the Disappointment hard.

Endeavour bears a Value more or less,
Just as 'tis recommended by Success ;
The lucky Cnxcumb every man will prize;
And Prosperous Actions always pass for Wise.

Poet take heed of *Irony's* again,
You'll meet with more than *Labour* for your Pain ;
If thinking to oblige them you offend,
'Tis as they Think, and not as you Intend ;

For if you miss what Honestly you meant,
 The Error's not excus'd by the Intent ;
 The Custom of the Age will fix th' Offence,
 Not in your Meaning, but your Ignorance.
 The Reason's plain, the Subject is with-held,
 The Fact s express'd, but the Intent's conceal'd.

Nor will this Reason form a just Pretence
 To plead there is no need of Penitence :
 If thou hast err'd, tho' with a Good Intent,
 One merits Pity, t'other Punishment.

Deal with the Times as they ha' dealt with thee ;
 If they mistake, what's that Mistake to me,
 Be unconcern'd at that, and let them kno',
 Thou'lt own the Error *'cause they think 'tis so* ;
 For 'tis a Debt to Sovereign Power due,
 Always to let them think *that they say true* ;
 And he that strives to make the Matter known,
 In opening first their Eyes, *puts out his Own*.

Dear

Dear Satyr thou wert of thy Wits forsaken,
 To leave them any room to be mistaken ;
 For if a Poet's Meaning is not plain,
 The World allows no Leisure to explain ;
 He dies for the first Crime he can commit,
 For want of Cunning, not *for want of Wit* ;
 If double Meaning hangs upon his Tongue,
 He's always certain to be taken wrong,
 And Misconstructions are his constant Fate,
 Which he in vain corrects, when 'tis too late.

Then Satyr justify thy self no more,
 Thou wilt be only where thou wast before ;
 For till the World thy Meaning understood,
 They ought to think thy Meaning was not good.
 To b^e Unintelligible is a Crime
 Almost as bad in *Prose* as 'tis in *Rhyme*.
 An Author who we can not understand,
 Is like a *Resty Horse* at no Command ;

And

And 'tis Convenient in a Land of Peace,
 With Care to cause Disturbances to cease;
 Besides, a *State Enigma* put in print,
 Has something really Seditious int.
 Unless the Exposition suit the Times,
 For Negatives in Authors pass for Crimes ;
 Then let thy Penitence for this be known,
 And when thou writes again, thy Meaning own,
 Or honestly Declare that thou hast none.

He that Dares write and leave the World to guess,
 Will *Fall like Thee*, and he deserves no less ;
 Yet be not Sullen, Satyr, and *give o're*,
 But never Trust 'em with thy Meaning more.

For if thou but a Hypocrite Describe,
 The Clergy search for him *among their Tribe*,
 If one *Sir Harry* in thy Lines appear,
All the Sir Harry's think themselves are there.
 If to Describe a Blockhead we Intend,
 The *Beaus* take Arms, and think they're all design'd ;

Each

Each Man takes up the Part that suits him best,
And strives to knock thy Brains out for the rest.

There's not a Drunken Justice in these Lands,
But for himself thy *Furius* understands,
Because so much Similitude appears
Betwixt the Practice and the Characters.

How many has thy *Fletumacy* Own'd
Of his Supine Accomplishments, how fond,
How Satisfy'd to be from *Bedlam* free,
Pleas'd to be thought as rich and blind as he ;
The Lady's who in Fops and Fools delight,
Wou'd all be *Diadora's* for her Wit :
What tho' she stands a Whore upon Record,
They'll never baulk the Practice of the Word,
They'd gladly be as much a Jilt as she,
To get a Cully half so blind as he.
'Tis strange that Men so forward should appear,
Fond to be thought more Wicked than they are.

He

He that to such a Pitch in Vice is brought,
Is quite as Wicked as he would be thought.

B——s an Atheist, and so Angry's grown,
That *Blackbourn's* Character is not his own.
Dear Satyr, if thou dost not do him right,
Be cautious how thou goest abroad by Night.

In Impudence he can not be out-done,
Thinks if there's any Gods, himself is one ;
He raves to see our Verse should be so blind,
To search for Atheists and leave him behind.
In Wickedness he is so Nice and odd,
He will not Swear, lest he should own a God :
Corrects his Vice for Fear the Crimes should tend,
To prove the Deity which they offend.

Beau P----ll shows himself in *Tunbridge* Walks,
Of strange Amours and Numerous Actions talks ;
His Levee's crowded up with Billet Deux,
He Haunts the Court, the Playhouse, and the Stews ;
Eternal

Eternal Tattle dwells upon his Tongue,
 Eternal Bawdy fills up every Song ;
 Whores are his Daily Consorts and Delight.
 Is Lewd all Day, but very Chaste at Night.

Fate may a Stone upon his Grave bestow,
 Tho' Niggard Nature has deny'd him two ;
 'Tis strange that Vice on Nature shou'd prevail,
 To fill the Head, and yet forget the Tail.
 Supply his Want of Lewdness with his Wit,
 And make him Boast of Sins he can't Commit.

But *Satyr*, that which most Concerns thee now,
 Is what if Heav'n prevent not feelingly thou'lt know.
 That when a *Learned Mouth's* describ'd by thee,
 L—— of *all Mankind* should think 'twas He !
 Without Dispute the Characters were true,
 But that 'twas ——'s none but —— knew.
 What tho' to Likeness he might make Pretence,
 Similitude can not be Evidence.

H

But

But, Satyr, of his Anger, have a Care,
 Or speedily for Martyrdom Prepare ;
 For if within his Reach you Chance to Come,
You've Sung your Last, a Fool may read your Doom,
 Tho' no more Poets liv'd in *Christendom*.
 Grave *Inuendo* in his Forehead fits,
 Able to Banter Fools, and Punish Wits.
 From his Resentment, Satyr flee amain,
 Like Death, there's none returns from him, again,
 'T will be in vain to make a long Defence,
 In vain 'twill be to Plead thy Innocence.
 His Breath Concludes the Sentence of the Day,
 He kills at once, For 'tis his *Shortest Way*.

Satyr go on, do Penance for thy Crimes,
 And own thy Rhyming Errors in thy Rhymes ;
 Blush not thy Native Folly to make known,
 The Pen that has offended must atone,

But

But if *thou Poet* shouldst be *Obstinate*,
 And load thy *Satyr* with thy *Verses Fate*,
 His *Blood* will certainly be on thy *Head*,
 And *Haunt the Poet* when the *Poem's Dead*.
 With *Whitney's Horses* 'twill in *Judgment rise*,
 And all thy later *Penitence* *Despise*.

Kneel then upon the *Penitential Stool*,
 And Freely tell the *World* that thou'rt a *Fool*,
 Which from thy *Mouth*, if they will not believe,
 Thy *Verse* shall *lasting Testimonies* give.
 A *Fool* indeed to *Advocate* for such,
 As load thee *Daily* with unjust *Reproach*;
 A *Fool* as by the *Consequence* appears,
 To put thy own *Eyes* out, to *Open theirs*.
 A *Fool* to tell the *Nation* of their *Crimes*,
 And knock thy *Brains* out to instruct the *Times*.

From hence old *Rauleigh's Cautious Rule* Obey,
 And nere Reform the *World* the *Shortest Way*;

Reproof the Grave Reprover will Undo,
They'll always Hate thee if the Matter's true.

S — the Grave thy Labours has Condemn'd,
And wisely says he knows what we Intend.
Two Fam'd Harangues the Orator has made,
Tho' Talking's not his Talent, but his Trade :
Yet has his Wit betray'd him to thy Fate,
For no man understands what he'd be at ;
And as his first Discourses seem'd to Fail,
For being all Head, bnt born without a Tail,
So these were Damn'd again, as has been said,
For being all Tail, indeed, without a Head.

Unhappy Satyr, now Review thy Fate,
And see the *Threatning Anger* of the State!
But learn thy sinking Fortunes to despise,
And all thy *Coward Friends* turn'd Enemies.

Before thee stands the Power of Punishment,
In an Exasperated Government.

Behind :

Behind the Vacant Carpet fairly Spread,
From whence thy too well serv'd Allies are fled.
 At a remoter Distance, there they stand,
 And Mock thy Folly, but thy Fault Commend ;
 Freely thy former Services Disown,
 And sily Laugh to see thee first Undone.
 Of thy plain Action wou'd invert the Sense,
 And rail, and counterfeit an Ignorance,
 As if 'twas possible thou should'st intend,
In one Point Blank two Opposites Offend.
These seem'd provok'd because they will not know,
 Thy Easy Sense, and *Those* because they do.

Satyr, 'twou'd certainly appear a Crime,
 Not to Applaud their Policy in Rhyme,
 Who when Poor Authors in their Quarrel write,
 Can to their Safety Sacrifice the Wit.
 Wait for the Safe Event, and wisely try,
 Whether with Truth or Int'rest to Comply,

As Prospects govern, and Success directs,
 Their Cunning this *Approves*, or that *Rejects*.

Blush for them, *Satyr*, who thy Name abuse,
 And by Reproach wou'd *Gratitude Excuse*,
 And tell them as thou mayst be Understood,
Their Temper's Wicked, tho' their Cause is Good.
 Yet never thy just Principles forsake,
For that wou'd be to sin, because thy Friends Mistake.
 But bid 'em tell thee, if they can tell how,
 What are the Crimes for which they treat thee so.
 What horrid Fact, what Capital offence
 Could bar thee from the Priests Benevolence,
 That they their Benediction should deny,
 And let thee live unblest'd, *unpray'd for Die.*
 Thieves, Highway-men, and Murderers are sent
 To *Newgate* for their furture Punishment,
 But all Men pity them when they Repent.

Reli-

Religious Charity extorts a Prayer,
 And *H*— shall surely visit *Whitney* there ;
 Yet three Petition'd Priests have said thee nay,
 And vilely scorn'd so much as but to Pray ;
 Refus'd the weighty Talent of the Tribe,
 And let their Heat their Picty prescribe ;
 Strange Power of Fear upon the Minds of Men,
 Which neither Sence, nor Honour can restrain.

Ask them why they're Exasperated so,
 To baulk the cheapest Gift they can bestow.
 Satyr, it must ha' been some Mortal Sin,
 Some strange Apostacy of thy unhappy Pen,
 That has the Reverend Fathers so perplex'd,
 And disoblig'd the Masters of the Text.

What, tho' the Scurvy Humours of thy Head,
 In House of Tribulation made thy Bed,
 And Fate, which long thine Enemy was known,
 Had Cloath'd thy Tenement in VValls of Stone ?
 I know the Learned Orthodoxly say,
 That after Death there is no room to Pray ;

But

But yet no Article I ever Read,
Has counted Men in *Newgate* with the Dead.

Satyr, look back, and former Days review,
How stood it once betwixt the Tribe and you,
In Prosperous Days their Conscions Pride must know
You fed those Priests that Scorn to own you now.
With Constant Charity reliev'd their Poor,
For which they'll stone thee Now 'tis in their Power.
VVith just Contempt look back upon their pride,
And now despise the Gift which they deny'd;
But let thy Charity their Crime outlive,
And what *they seldom practise*, now forgive.
For Heaven, without their Help, upholds thee here,
He only claims thy thanks who hears thy Prayer,
He can the Royal Clemency incline,
For Humane Grace is center'd in Divine.

F I N I S.

